

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1801.

The Girl of the Mountains.

(CONTINUED.)

[THE Countess of Chateau Briant, in her letter, congratulated the Count on the restoration of his honours and estates, recapitulated some of the steps taken by the Countess of Angoulesme and the Countess le Marr, for his destruction, and gave him an account of the miserable death of the chambermaid, the wretched instrument of poisoning his beloved Countess.]

"The receipt of this packet (continued the Count) afforded me a mixture of joy and sorrow. The monk and friar were of opinion that I ought, the moment I could undertake the journey, to repair to Paris, and pay my respects to the king; for, as messengers were dispatched to trace Adelaide, I need entertain no fears for her, and both respect and gratitude called upon me to attend the king before journeying into Spain.

"Reason approved this advice, but my heart did not accord with it. No letters had yet arrived from the Countess, and I daily grew more uneasy, hearing no account of Adelaide. At length a messenger arrived from the hermit. It was the peasant who had been before useful to us. I went out to meet him! how excessive was my joy! The steward of the castle received letters from his lady; she was at Estella, and would soon set off for Saragossa, where she purposed remaining some time, having letters of credit on a merchant there.

I grew more impatient now to set out,

and never did I feel a purer pleasure than the day on which I took leave of the friendly fathers, and, attended by a servant of their recommendation, I proceeded over the mountains.

I made all possible haste to Estella, and found that the Countess had left that city some time, and that the best information I could obtain must be from the Governor. —To your castle I came, (said the Count, addressing the Governor,) and had the mortification to learn that you were absent, and that the Countess was gone to Saragossa alone, the young lady, who had resided with her, was believed to be with the Marchioness de Gusman, your sister.

Having obtained a proper direction, I proceeded with all speed to your house, madam, and there learned the shocking account of Adelaide's being taken off, and as it was supposed, by the Countess, whom their lady had seen at Tudella, but whether she was there at that time they were quite ignorant.

Distracted at this strange and unaccountable information, I determined to go to Tudella. On arriving there, I learned the Countess was at the house of a surgeon in the neighbourhood, and the strange things said of her, hastened me on to the surgeon's much alarmed for the safety of my child.

He then related his extreme astonishment at finding his detested enemy the Baroness in the person of the Countess; her surprise, illness, and subsequent death; his return to Tudella, much agitated and distressed, where he fortunately met with the Governor's messenger, and was conducted to the inexpressible happiness of meeting his Adelaide, and those friends who had been the preservers of his child.

HERE the Count finished his narrative, and apologized for its prolixity.

The remainder of the evening passed in conversations naturally arising from the various and uncommon incidents they had met with. The Count was charmed with the Governor's polished manners, and the delicacy of his behaviour to Adelaide; he could hardly repress his wishes that such a man was the destined husband of his child.

A week had now passed to their mutual satisfaction, and the Marchioness proposed one evening that they should set out next day for her house. The Count was sensible of her kindness, and the following day the *partie quarre* removed to the seat of the Marchioness; she was highly gratified in doing the honours of her house to persons so dear to her.

The fourth day of their visit, the Marchioness proposed a ride through the beautiful wood behind her house, 'if Adelaide is not apprehensive of ravishers or uncourteous knights,' added she, smiling.

"No, indeed, (replied she, in the same tone) while my good genius presides in the form of such loved friends, I can defy the power of enchanter, giants, or ravishers."

"For my part (said the Governor,) I shall never go unarmed, while I have such a precious charge to defend."

They retired to prepare for the journey. The party being ready, in high spirits they sat off for their pleasant ride. The wood was beautiful, and by accident they came to the ruinous but where Felix had carried Adelaide. They rode to the mouth of it: and while they were making some remarks on the cunning and temerity of Don Felix, a sudden howling of wolves was heard, and in less than a moment, two sprang from the cavity, and made towards the chaise where the Marchioness and Adelaide were seated.

The horses frightened, they gave a terrible plunge, and overturned the carriage;

the ladies were thrown out, and in the instant that Adelaide must have fallen a shocking victim to one of the monsters, a well-directed shot from the agitated Governor, laid him struggling on the ground. He instantly alighted, and dispatched him; the other, having been shot at by the servants, had darted away through the opening, sending forth such frightful howlings as dismayed every one present.

The Count, almost as frantic with joy as he had been with horror, embraced the Governor, repeatedly called him the preserver of his child, and the dearest friend he had on earth. Adelaide expressed her gratitude more by looks than words, but they were not less eloquent in the estimation of Don Lopez.

On their arrival home, the ladies were put to bed; the Marchioness had an embrocation for her arm, and happily the following morning she was much recovered, and her young friend had only a little tremor on her nerves, arising from the accident, which might have proved of the most dreadful consequences.

The Marchioness having retired to her toilet, Adelaide went into the library, where her father found her sitting in a very thoughtful posture.

'My dear child, (said he, embracing her,) shall I translate your thoughts, is there not a struggle between gratitude and fancy in your heart?'

'Dear sir, (answered she, much confused,) your penetration is not to be eluded. I own to you that I have been taking that heart to task, have upbraided it for its coldness towards the best of men. I am really inclined to think I have not that susceptibility which gives birth to what is generally called love, or else, that I entertain erroneous opinions of that passion in women, from the effects of it on two worthless characters, the Baroness de Foulanges, and Donna Padilla.'

'Gratitude and esteem, my dear child, (returned the Count,) must be productive of the tenderest sentiments, when united to a deserving object; but you deserve to be, and shall be, your own mistress in points where your heart, as well as judgment, should decide.'

'But, [said she,] suppose I should feel inclined to marry the Governor, he is a Spaniard, and will reside in Spain. You have all your attachments in France; I cannot, indeed I cannot be separated from you; it is taxing me too highly for the life he has preserved, if I am expected to give up the author of my being.'

'Don Lopez expects no such sacrifice, [replied the Count,] he is superior to such selfish wishes.'

That moment the door opened, and the Governor appeared, they were all embarrassed; he was going to withdraw, but the Count invited him to join them.

'You find us, [said he,] engaged on a very delicate and interesting affair.' Adelaide was sinking through the chair almost with confusion and terror at this opening. 'An affair, [continued the Count,] in which every feeling of the heart, every principle of honour is concerned. You know I am impatient to be in France. To be separated

from a child so recently found, is a severe trial; yet to tear her from those who have such well-founded claims on her affection and gratitude, appears a crime of such magnitude against every movement of a generous and feeling mind, that we are really miserable in reflecting on the alternative.'

'Dear sir, [said the Governor,] spare yourself and us. Do you think my sister so mean as to believe, that, when convinced she cannot derive the dearest wish of her heart, without wounding parental feelings, she would hesitate one moment to prefer the happiness of your charming daughter to her own?—I know her better; she is capable of rejoicing in your felicity, whatever pain it may cost her in a separation from one she so truly loves.'

'I speak not of myself; I have done only a duty that every man of common honour would perform; I have had no wishes, pursued no measures, but for the happiness of that lady; now she has the protection of a father, my cares are no longer wanted; but as a friend, to whom she will be ever respectable, I hope to be considered, and always applied to, if my most zealous endeavours can be subservient either to her interest or happiness.'

His agitations were very visible as he pronounced the last words, and with a low bow left the room.

The tears which Adelaide had with difficulty suppressed, now fell on her cheek.—'Ah! my dear father, (said she,) what can be done too much for such a man as this?—When poor, dependent, insulted, a mere adventurer; 'The Mountain Girl,' as the odious Countess took a pleasure in calling me, did he not then, with a generosity peculiar to himself, treat me with the respect and politeness due only to a woman of rank?—Did he not offer me his hand, his name, his fortune!—to this despised 'Girl of the Mountains,' without a friend or even a name?—and when this noble offer was declined, has he not disinterestedly continued to load me with obligations, and just saved me from imminent danger?—How infinite are my obligations to him!—They weigh me down with a sense of my own inferiority.'

The Count was extremely affected. My dear Adelaide, (said he,) I should glory in bestowing the hand of my child where I am certain her worth would be amply rewarded. If we have power to give additional felicity to such a mind, beyond what is derived from the delight of bestowing benefits, it becomes a sacred duty on our side not to hesitate.'

'Nor do I, sir, (answered she,) if Don Lopez still thinks my hand worth his acceptance, I shall feel pleasure in the idea of bestowing it.'

'That is acting just as you ought, (answered he,) but it is a point of such infinite consequence to me, that I must take this night counsel from my pillow, before I fix my determined resolution.'

Soon after a servant entered the room, to say that company was arrived, who desired to see the Count and his daughter. Somewhat surprised they followed the messenger, and were just entering the saloon, when the Marchioness came out and met them.—

'You must prepare for pleasure [said she,] in seeing an amiable young woman who loves you, and feels for the happiness of a whole family, by bestowing it on their son.—Don Diego, Donna Maria, Isabella, and Felix are in the saloon.'—Without saying another word, or permitting her young friend to speak, she led her into the room. Donna Isabella flew to embrace her, while the Marchioness was presenting the Count to the father and mother. They now advanced, and politely congratulated Adelaide.

She was exceedingly pleased to see Isabella, but, from conjecturing this family visit was made on her account, she felt a great deal embarrassed in returning their civilities.—After some general topics, Don Diego thus addressed himself to the Count: 'I have intruded upon the Marchioness, sir, equally with my own inclinations, and at the earnest solicitations of a very penitent young man,—my son Don Felix.'

'If the errors of youth, the dissipations that attend too often an early independence, and the follies which example authorizes among the gay and fashionable, are not allowed as some extenuation for his offence against virtue, in the person of your daughter, I have nothing more to plead in his behalf than a severe contrition, anxious by the unremitting endeavours of his future life, to atone for the excesses he is ashamed of, if she will condescend to pardon him at the intercession of a father, a mother, a sister, and a friend.'

'You, sir, are a father; you have known what it is to fear for the life of a child; to you, therefore, I address no other plea for the steps I now take, than to judge of my feelings by your own.'

Before the Count could speak, Donna Maria, with tearful eyes, thus addressed Adelaide.—'A mind like your's, superior to adversity, with merit to attract, and deserve esteem in the humblest situation, cannot, I am sure, derive pleasure, when restored to rank and opulence, in the humiliation of vice, or the consequent distress detailed upon a whole family, by the misguided conduct of one individual.'—

Adelaide rose, and taking her hand, greatly agitated,—'Forgive me, madam, for my interrupting you, I cannot bear this undeserved condescension from you and Don Diego: no degradation on your side can be acceptable to me. Let me entreat you, madam, to change this stile, if, indeed, you wish to give me pleasure by this visit.'

'Will you permit me to have the honour of a few minutes conversation with you in private?' said Don Diego to the Count.—He bowed assent, and they left the room.

Don Felix, who had long been struggling for composure to speak, now drew near to her.—'I have been silent, charming Adelaide; I have no merits to plead, no extenuation to offer, no inducement to propose, that can entitle me to your forgiveness,—much less to hope for your regard. I have sacrificed every claim I might have adduced, and now throw myself on your mercy.—The happiness of my life is in your hands; the peace of those who gave me being rests upon you.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the Philadelphia Repository.

COURTSHIP.

FROM A. B.

YOU must know sir, that for a considerable time past I have entertained a very sincere and honourable passion for a young lady, to whom I wished to pay my addresses: as I have no doubt that you are not one of those philosophers mentioned by Fielding, who deny the existence of love, or confound it with a certain regard which a hungry man has for a piece of roast beef, or a delicate loin of veal,* you will be ready to acknowledge that this passion is not one of the least tormenting of the mental kind, when baffled in its object, or tantalized in its pursuit. The first opportunity which appeared to me to be favourable for the expression of my feelings, was at a ball: I had the good fortune to be the lady's partner in one set; but I have the infelicity of being a very modest man, and the worst in the world, at what is usually termed *small chat*; the serious intention I had conceived, naturally gave my deportment an air of gravity, and *gravity* at a ball approaches to stupidity; after many hum's and ha's, and instances of absurd absence, I at length ventured to say, that I had something serious to mention to her; "Oh! pray what is it, most grave sir?" was *Julia's* answer, "I long to hear it, it must surely be something very important by that phiz." Disconcerted and abashed, I was unable to reply, and before I could recover myself, was called to lead the lady dancing, down; I lost my partner in the confusion of the dance; on arriving at the top, however, a momentary pause recurred, when she again, in the most ludicrous manner, "begged to know what the great secret was, which I wished to entrust to her," observing at the same time, "that she was the worst keeper of a secret in the world." My spirits were now too much overcome to bring forward my pretensions with any degree of energy; I crawled down the dance, declaring that I would tell her some other time, and was very soon deprived of further opportunity of conversation, by her being engaged to another partner.

The next morning I called at her father's house, to inquire her health, and found her mounting her horse to take a ride; I begged leave to accompany her, which was readily granted: one or two beaux were of the party, but I contrived to engage her in a *tete-a-tete*, and by way of preface, began to talk of a new novel which well delineated the misery of an uncertain lover,

* See Tom Jones.

and from thence going into general observations on the subject, was coming to particulars, in a manner which appeared to me vastly delicate, pretty, elegant and polite; when, with a stroke to her nag, she observed, "well Mr.—I protest you are grown the stupidest man alive; why you were bad enough last night, and now you are grown quite a proser—I really believe you are in love yourself!" so saying, she gave speed to her horse, and joined the two chattering beaux in an instant.

My next attempt promised more success. I found her alone, and in a grave mood, and had not I prefaced my intended motive with too long a preamble, might have entertained hopes from the attention I had apparently gained, that the picture I was beginning to draw, of true affection and real suffering, had caught her imagination, when, before my preparatory speech was finished, unhappily in rushed a milliner with a new cap, "and all the vision vanished from her head;" in an instant every hope was blasted,—she flew with eagerness to the fashionable toy, and the colour of a ribband totally eclipsed all the colourings in which my eloquence was attempting to dress the sincerest of passions. I bade adieu, choaked with chagrine, and my exit seemed to be scarcely observed or known in the flurry which attended the entrance of the *mar-chande des modes*.

Baffled in all my past schemes, I thought the occasion of an early morning's walk, which she sometimes took in the neighbouring square, while sleep still possessed the mass of the fashionable world, particularly happy. In vain—my ill fortune still betided me; a young gentleman, who had been up all night at a party, and was tempted by the beauty of the morning to walk home, accosted us in the very first outset, and his recital of the pleasures of the agreeable party in which he had participated, and of the company he had seen, banished all my hopes. And thus, Mr. Hogan, the flutter of a beau, and the prattle of a milliner, dashed into air, the efforts of the truest of lovers.

Possibly, in another letter, I may give you the sequel of my courtship, if it ever comes to a conclusion—at any rate I will inform you how I prosper.

Yours &c. A. B.

SENTIMENT.

The glory of virtue is solid and eternal. All other fame must die away soon, like a thin painted cloud, on which the casual glance of some faint beams of light has imprinted their weak and transient colours.

THE WAGS OUTWITTED.

AN aged gentleman from Vermont, being on his way to New-York, on business, put up at a tavern near Kingsbridge; having rode the whole day in a storm, he desired the landlord to give him a room, fire, and provide him some refreshment, which was accordingly done: there soon after came in sixteen young gentlemen from New York; and demanded of the landlord the best room in the house, to which he replied, it was engaged to a gentleman from Vermont, and he was unwilling to disoblige him. They then requested leave to speak with him, and hire him to quit the room; leave was given, and proposals made, and rejected; but the old man had the complaisance to offer to let them spend the evening with him,—to which they replied, they should raise the devil. "Well," said the good old man, "I'll lay him for you"—upon which the treaty closed. The young debauchees immediately ordered 16 bottles of wine, drank them, and broke the bottles against the chimney back; the old gentleman, who partook with them, called in his bottle, and broke it likewise. The young fellows, still determined to oblige the old man to quit his post, and leave them masters of the ground, agreed that some one of the company should make proposals, and execute them himself first, and that if any person in the room refused to follow, he should pay five pounds; to this they all agreed. The first was, to burn all their hats; the second, their coats; the third, their waist-coats; the fourth, their boots; which was accordingly executed by them, and the old man did the same; after which he says, "Gentlemen, it is my turn to make proposals, to which I demand your compliance, under the same penalty as before;" to which they readily consented. The landlord was called, and a surgeon ordered with his instruments; when the old man proposed, that everyone of the company should have all the teeth in their heads extracted, and set himself down accordingly, and ordered the surgeon to proceed; but to their astonishment, the old man had but one stump left to gratify their curiosity, which was, however, sacrificed to execute the proposal: the young gentlemen soon discovered they were out-generalled; and rather than part with their teeth, settled a truce with the old hero, paid him 5*l.* each, paid the landlord his bill for the wine, and had only the consolation to go home naked, and tell their friends, as the old Paddy told General Washington, when he made prisoners of five dragoons, that an old veteran rake from Vermont, had surrounded them.

The Commentator, No. 12.

"Are there (still more amazing) who resist
 "The rising thought?—Who struggle to be brutes?
 "Who fight the proofs of immortality:
 "With horrid zeal, and execrable arts,
 "Work all their engines, level their black fires,
 "To blot from man this attribute divine
 "Than vital blood far precious.

DR. YOUNG.

In my inquiry into the effect on the happiness of society, produced by the "itch of writing," in my last number, I made a few observations on the baneful consequence of novels. Besides the evils, of which they were there said to be productive, there is one which far exceeds them in its fatality to the peace and happiness of mankind. Finding the general circulation this species of writing possessed, the insidious propagators of infidelity, have adopted the plan of disseminating their principles, under the fascinating garb of novels. Thus attacking the mind of youth on its weak side, when caution is not awake, and insinuating the spirit of infidelity, under the form of innocent amusement. The subtle poison, which they with such stratagem infuse into the youthful mind, soon operates. The unfortunate victim to the arts of these agents of deism, unable to ascertain the source from whence he first derived his doubts, mistakes them for the dawns of the light of truth on his understanding, and his sentiments become depraved and lasting. He shuts his eyes to the undeniable testimony of divine truth, thus consigning all his hopes of happiness to annihilation, and exchanges the bright prospect of felicity in a future and permanent state of being, for the melancholy and gloomy expectation of sinking into nothing, when his earthly career is finished.

Novels, till of late years, were I believe exempt from this indelible stigma on the whole species, till the hideous monster, *Infidelity*, stalked forth from his gloomy cave, to subvert all religion, and subjugate mankind. Dubious of his ability to eradicate the principles of true religion implanted by the hand of Omnipotence in the human heart, or to conquer the powerful opposition of divine evidence by open warfare, he was obliged to have recourse to stratagem, to watch the moment when Reason slumbered at her post, and triumph, not in his strength, but in his successful artifices. Every victim to his power, he converts into subordinate agents in the great work of rebellion against the pure government of religion. Thus taking advantage of the disposition of man, when involved in misfortune himself, to wish to reduce others to the same deplorable condition, as

if it were a consolation to behold others participating in his wretchedness; and by every new victory, the fiend not only reduces the strength of opposition, but receives an accession to his own power. To conceive, is much easier than to describe, the state of wretchedness and misery, which is the portion of the man, whose principles were fixed upon so slight a basis, as to be overthrown by the overwhelming tide of infidelity. His mind becomes involved in impenetrable gloom, he prefers living in endless darkness, and enduring all the horrors of an eternal night, to the admission of that light, which his perverted reason deems artificial, and only appearing to create deception. It is indeed surprising, that at this enlightened period of the world, when mankind have arrived at a very advanced stage of refinement, and the cultivation of the arts and sciences engross almost universal attention, the sentiments and principles of any man, should be so corrupted, as to deny the existence "of a Supreme Disposer of events;" that those who are endowed with uncommon strength of intellect, and shining abilities, should be among the foremost in the cause of infidelity, and deny the power, to whom they owe the possession of reason, and every ornament of our nature; that they should pervert the use of the powers of reasoning, and by the misapplication of them, convert blessings into curses. Vanity, in this case, appears to be the governing principle, and may be considered as the source of all these evils; to this origin may be traced the avidity with which men of talents seize upon any thing new, which it requires superior abilities, or the assistance of sophistry to substantiate. Conscious of the superior degree in which they possess the gifts of nature, and ambitious of displaying them, they enter with warmth into a dispute, and embrace the weak side of the argument, that they may have a greater field, in which to exercise their talents. For this purpose, they exert all their powers to prove, what they are sensible cannot be done without their assistance, and argue in direct contradiction to their real sentiments. By thus being accustomed to speak on either side, in order to give animation to discourse, they become self-sophisticated, they gradually lose the knowledge of their actual sentiments, and are thus involved in a labyrinth, from which they are seldom extricated.

It is worthy of remark, that those who have imbibed atheistical sentiments, are seldom convinced of their error, till a death-bed flashes conviction to their guilty souls. Then they are convinced of their fatal er-

ror in supposing their minds to be enlightened by the glorious sun of truth, beaming upon them in meridian splendor, when in reality they existed in a state of total intellectual darkness. Unfortunately it is then too late, and with reluctance, they are obliged to consign themselves to the mercy of a Being, offended with their doubts of his omnipotence, and embrace the dreary prospect, which is extended before them. Infatuated wretches! it was the false notions you entertained of your own self-sufficiency, which induced you to depend on the feeble support of your own ability, and suppose yourselves, the sole lords of the creation.

Novels are one great engine in the hands of the fiends of darkness, and as such their circulation ought to be prohibited. No advantage do they yield to society, to compensate for the injury, of which many of them are productive: they are resorted to by the idle, whose indolence prevents their participating in the performance of the duty every one owes to society, in order to give time new wings to fly. But if we in this manner spend those precious moments, which ought to be appropriated to a better purpose, we shall find that time passes away with such rapidity, that it requires no assistance in its flight; and that we have lost the opportunity of improving it to our own advantage. Those who are so intensely engaged in the reading of romances, that they cannot abstract their attention from them, to turn it upon something of more real utility to themselves, cannot be said to *live*, but merely *vegetate*. If, then, this species of writing is productive of so many evil consequences, if it filches so much of our precious time, as to leave no space for the accomplishment of the grand purpose of our creation, why is it not excluded from society?—The reason is obvious;—there are always those, who from motives of ease and indolence, prefer the composition of them to more laborious employment, and readers may with facility be found, whose aversion to mental or corporeal activity is such, that they can recur to nothing else, to relieve themselves from the intolerable burden of time. Productive of no advantage whatsoever, and only affording to the vacant mind a temporary gratification, works of this kind, which yield no permanent satisfaction, to compensate for the time wasted in perusing or composing them, ought to be universally proscribed. For admitting that they propagate no censurable sentiments, they must be considered as a negative evil, and as such, their increase and existence ought to meet a final termination.

*Adventures in a Castle.**An Original Story.*

(CONTINUED.)

FINDING all attempts to induce the banditti to accept the extended pardon were futile, they prepared to carry the plan of burning the castle into execution. Having made every necessary preparation, the leaders of the troops assigned to each the part they were to act, and an hour after the sun had sunk beneath the horizon, the signal for the attack was given, by throwing a rocket from the General's tent. The soldiers rushed forward to the onset, brandishing their torches, and after a severe conflict, gained the out-works of the castle. In a short time the conflagration was general, and the gleams of light proceeding from it, added to the darkness which prevailed, rendered it a scene of horror. Having accomplished the design of setting the castle on fire, the troops retreated to guard all the out-lets, that those who escaped the fury of the raging element, should fall by the avenging sword. A body of the banditti, with the Count at their head, sallied from the castle, to endeavour to cut their way thro' the hostile party. But the principal part of them fell in the attempt, and among them, the infamous De Vauban.

Louis as soon as he perceived the flames bursting from all parts of the castle, and the towering ramparts enveloped in smoke, approached the walls: the sally of the banditti had been made on a different side, and had not attracted his attention from the scene of ruin before him. While he was contemplating the destruction which was taking place, his attention was arrested by the sight of a person leaping from one rampart to another, to escape the threatening flames which pursued him, and in which he appeared to be almost involved. At length, by means of his surprising activity, he approached towards the place where Louis stood, but still at such a height, that his escape seemed almost impossible. He had considerably descended since Lewis first noticed him, and now paused, apparently contemplating his height from the ground, and dubious of his ability to reach it in safety. But the flames approached, he sprang from the walls, and fell almost at the feet of Louis, who raised his arm to terminate his life, but an impulse of humanity induced him to spare it, if indeed he had not been killed by the fall. Young Poi-leau laid his hand on his heart, and felt it beat. The horizon was illuminated by the

conflagration, and as he inclined himself, to see if the spark of life was extinguished, he observed the stranger was dressed differently from the common banditti. Strange emotions agitated his bosom, and "hope, the fond deceiver," fluttered round his heart. He approached to inspect the figure which lay prostrate before him, covered with dust, and stunned with the fall. He gently raised him from the ground, and as the light gleamed on his ashy countenance, discovered him to be—**HIS LONG LOST BROTHER!**—Reader, conceive his sensations, for words cannot express them; no language could convey them to thee, though all the eloquence of TULLY was exhausted to effect it. His astonishment almost surpassed conception—Had he not beheld him prostrate on the floor of his cell, his life's blood streaming from his bosom?—Had he not seen him a pallid corpse, the victim of fell revenge?—And now, did he not see him before him? did not his arms support him?—All that had passed appeared as a fearful dream, the offspring of a disordered fancy. He called loudly for assistance, and had him conveyed to his tent, where they successfully endeavoured to restore him to existence, but he had received some very severe contusions from the fall, and his arm appeared considerably scorched.

The next day, as soon as the dawn opposed its pleasing light to the more awful appearance of the castle, which exhibited one vast sheet of flame, our new-found invalid was conveyed to the hospitable mansion of Monsieur Burton, where M. Dupont and Louis were kindly urged to take up their residence. A few weeks crowned the assiduities of the amiable surgeon and his friends with success, and they had the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing their beloved Henry, whom they very naturally had long concluded, was traversing the regions of eternity, restored to all his former health and vigour. Happiness they yet hoped was in store for them, since De Vauban, the grand and only enemy to their happiness, had fell the victim to the justice of his offended country. Carrying his resentment no farther than to see the execution of justice on the vile disturbers of the public tranquillity, the Duke of Alencon, with his usual humanity, ordered that the bodies of the banditti should receive decent burial, and every rite be performed, that, according to the forms of the Romish church, was necessary to remove all obstacles from their road to heaven. Soon as the bodies of these infatuated wretches were committed to the embraces of their mother earth, the troops

commenced their march, to return to the capital, and the Duke retired to his castle to receive from the filial assiduities of his daughter, consolation for the untimely death of his son. Ignorance frequently conduces more to our happiness than knowledge, and had de Alencon known of the infamous design of his son, he would not have stood in need of any consolation. Henry upon his restoration to health, complied with the desires of his friends, and thus commenced the relation of his misfortunes.

"You, my kind friends, must certainly have been greatly astonished, when you found my chamber vacant, and could perceive no traces of my having left the room; but your surprise could not have equalled mine, when about midnight, without any previous noise which would have announced the entrance of any person, (especially as the door was fastened within) I saw by the light the lamp burning in the chimney afforded, a man standing by my bed-side. I demanded his business in my chamber, at such an unseasonable hour, but he instantly drew a pistol from his pocket, and ordered me to dress immediately, and without noise, as the least attempt to alarm the family should be attended with death. Resistance was vain, and I accordingly complied with his demand in silence: as soon as dressing was finished, he bad me attend him, and removing a pannel in the partition, I discovered a secret door, which he opened, and we passed through. We now entered several apartments, which the noisome atmosphere, and decayed furniture declared had been long deserted, and resigned to the all-destroying hand of time. Here, still holding the pistol in his hand, he obliged me to walk before him. Before we left the building, he was joined by several other ruffians, whose countenances plainly denoted their villainous characters, and that they were fit instruments to accomplish any design which villainy could conceive. When we made an exit from the mansion, we found a carriage waiting, into which three of the ruffians entered with myself. We proceeded with amazing rapidity I knew not whither, but my heart sunk within me, at the strange proceedings, and mysterious silence of my companions: at length the dawn broke upon us, as we attained the summit of a steep hill. At any other time, and almost in any other situation, I should have beheld the surrounding scenery with delight, but my mind was a prey to despondency, and the most gloomy prospect appeared before me. In vain did I request of my companions to inform me whither I was to be led, for they

preserved a uniform and uninterrupted silence, except when the leader of the party as he appeared to be, cautioned me to make no noise, as he said it should be instantaneously punished. I could not forbear taking a retrospective view of the happy past, and comparing it with my present forlorn situation. Surrounded by ruffians, who it was evident, had some villainous design upon me, hope almost forsook me, and I only beheld in perspective, either a life dragged out in chains and misery, or a termination to my sufferings, by an untimely death. In vain did I pray my companions to give me some clue to guide me through this labyrinth of uncertainty, they deigned not to answer me, unless to reprehend me for my loquacity. But why am I thus fatiguing you with a detail of my sensations, during this memorable journey, memorable to me, as it will ever be a distinguished era of my life; to be brief, I arrived, after a tiresome journey, at the castle, without having left the carriage for a moment, as provision had been made to avoid the necessity. Having alighted from the carriage, I was immediately conducted to the dreary dungeon, from whence the magnanimity of my beloved brother released me. When I was secured by chains in this horrible place, my guide condescended to open his lips, and inform me, that here the remainder of my days was to be spent, that here I was to drag out in misery; the remnant of a life, which till then had been spent in a course of uninterrupted felicity, except when the death of my father, for a time, cast a shade over my happiness. I then repeated my request to know by whom, and for what motive, I was thus severely punished, but I could obtain no answer from the monster, and I thought I could perceive a horrid smile of satisfaction gleam across his countenance, at having thus doomed a fellow creature to be miserable, as long as life remained. From that day till the time I was delivered from the murderous designs of my enemies, I held no converse with any human being, my food which was of the most ordinary kind, was daily delivered me by one of those villains, who had escorted me to the castle. Grief and the dampness of my dungeon, was bringing me rapidly to the verge of the grave, when Louis intervened and snatched me from the jaws of destruction. The prospect of liberty was now before me, and it is only for the man, who has been as long confined within the gloomy walls of a dungeon, to conceive my sensations. But not long was I permitted to indulge the flattering hope, as we were so soon taken, and I again became the victim of tyranny. To whom

was to be attributed all my misfortunes, I was totally ignorant; but my condition was comparatively enviable, to that from which I had emerged, as my prison was dry and comfortable. The cheering rays of the sun penetrated my cell, and to me who had so long been deprived of the enlivening sight, it was indeed a pleasure. I was but a short time oppressed with the weight of my irons, for to what motive it was to be attributed I know not, but I suppose they conceived my escape impossible, and I was suffered to enjoy the valuable privilege of traversing my narrow cell; my constitution had become inured to confinement, although the disappointment I suffered in being deprived of the blessings of liberty, when I had supposed it within my grasp, did not by any means tend to strengthen my patience. You have already heard from Louis, of our interview in the vaults of the castle, and when I was led back to my cell, the horrors of continual imprisonment, seemed to occupy the whole of the dreary prospect. Disappointment had soured my temper, and I gave myself up a prey to despondency. To my repeated requests to receive information respecting Louis, my keeper used to seldom reply without equivocation, and sometimes he would answer in a way that roused my passions, dormant only for want of something to call them into action; one night when he entered my cell, to see that every thing was in the situation he chose it to be, I inquired after Louis, and his answer was accompanied with bitter taunts at my defenceless situation. This I suppose was occasioned by some incident, that had occurred to ruffle his temper, and he took the opportunity to vent on me his spleen. My temper, soured by misfortune, was unprepared to endure this new and unprovoked treatment, and I heaped on him reproaches for his villainy, and bestowed on every term which my resentment could suggest. Fired by this unusual retort, and stung with my merited reproaches, he drew a dagger from his bosom, and darting upon me, aimed it at my heart.

JULIUS.

(To be continued.)

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. HOGAN,

I Should not have taken up my pen to obtrude my sentiments on the public, well knowing my inability for a business of this kind; but feeling, as I do, for the success of your useful publication, the Repository, as well as for the utility with which it may be fraught to society, if conducted upon

that useful plan which I know it is your intention to do: I shall presume to offer a few thoughts upon the useless matter I think it too often abounds with, to answer that valuable purpose to society, for which a periodical work of this kind is so well calculated. I by no means wish to cast the least reflection on the Editor, because I am well acquainted with the delicate situation in which he stands, as it respects his subscribers, who contribute to his assistance in the work, and to whom he consequently feels some obligation; but I cannot help thinking that many pieces that have appeared, will tend much to his disadvantage, as well as render the work of less utility to his readers. I shall beg leave to offer a few observations on such pieces (without designating them particularly) as in my opinion occupy a place to the exclusion of more useful and profitable matter. I allude more especially to the numerous articles of Criticism, the very copious display of which would induce a foreigner to conclude that the Americans are all Critics. There has scarcely an original piece appeared, but it has produced, in a subsequent number, a very laboured criticism; and that criticism has in its turn called forth another critic, so that it may literally be said we have had criticism upon criticism! and this upon punctilio's and non-essentials of grammatical or ungrammatical expressions, which, if left alone, would not injure, and, when corrected, will not benefit society. To what purpose then is this strife of words? It reminds one of the fable of the two dogs fighting for a bone, which, in the end, neither of them obtained. I would beg leave to remind both critics and criticsasters, that their time, as well as their talents, would be much better employed in writing some useful, moral, or scientific essays for the use of your readers, than to deal out those acrimonious and splenetic expressions in their criticisms, which do no credit either to their heads or their hearts.

I entertain a hope that in future the Editor will feel it his interest as well as his duty, to exclude from his work every thing that partakes of scurrility and invective, and not suffer so useful a publication to be thus contaminated, and become the vehicle of acrimonious and invective language.

Although I did not intend to designate particularly any of the objectionable pieces, I cannot help suggesting a caution to the editor to beware of the pretended "new stock of *Comma & Dactyle*," as I do not apprehend they have been long enough under the tuition of "*Peter Quince*," to eradicate that mass of contamination, which has hitherto so completely polluted the Re-

pository, by the "scraps, shreds, and remnants," that have proceeded from their shop.

O.

[The Editor returns his thanks to "O." for his friendly advice. The instances of scurrility and invective, have arisen solely from the circumstances to which he so justly attributes them: such instances, however, he trusts, will not again occur. It will also be his endeavour to restrain Criticism within due bounds: tho' he is sensible, that this is a difficult task; as the best critics sometimes fall into puerilities, and cavil about non-essentials. But he would not wish entirely to exclude just and accurate Criticism, as articles of this kind may be of use to young writers, for pointing out these defects they ought to avoid.—While the editor makes these concessions, "O." remarks equally claim the attention of his correspondents.]

Question for the Philadelphia Repository.

ROOTS.

A raw root, a boil'd root, a roasted root too,
I oft eat with pleasure, and so may have you;
From square roots, and cube roots, extract-
ed enough,
To satisfy any one, fond of such stuff;
Now having at present a morsel to spare,
Am perfectly willing my friends may have
share.

Compos'd of two cubes, a number is giv'n;
Number two score and eight: cubes one,
twenty-seven: (amount,
To find other two cubes is requir'd, whose
Shall equal said number, precisely in count,
And each be a rational number to boot,
And fairly extracted each cubical root.

TWICE EIGHT.

r. s. Lest the splendour of my poetry,
Mr. Printer, should "dazzle the eyes and
bewilder the brains" of your readers, I will,
with your permission, repeat the above ques-
tion, in plain prose, and at the same time take
the opportunity of acknowledging, that I
have not the honour of being the author;
it was first propounded by Mons. Feunat,
in the year 1657, as follows: To divide a
given cube number 28, composed of two
cube numbers 27 and 1, into two other ra-
tional cube numbers.—Now, on hearing
this, let no man exclaim, the root is old,
stale, decayed and unfit to be eaten: know
ye not that such will last for ages unimpair-
ed: and prove as grateful to the palate ge-
nerations hence, as on their first being dug
from the brain of a mathematician—Sit down
my young friends—fall on "tooth and nail,"
it is a very rich and plenteous repast.

ANOTHER.

On the 12th of Nov. 1801, at 5h. 40m.
P. M. at Philadelphia; it is required to
find what part of the surface of our terra-
queous globe, will have the highest tide?

This curious question has been proposed
to the University of Pennsylvania, in one
of the magazines three years ago, but no
solution has yet appeared.

H.

The Temple of Hilarity.

The head of its thick obumbrations to clear,
The mind to unbend, and the spirits to cheer,
Hilarity holds forth his sprightly delights,
To his festival banquet all classes invites;
Where innocent pastime and pleasure abound,
And mirth and vivacity frolic around.

A True and Original Receipt for Composing a Modern Love-letter.

TAKE 500 protestations, half as many
vows, 3,000 lies, 50 pounds weight of de-
ceit, an equal quantity of nonsense, and tre-
ble the whole of flattery; mix all these in-
gredients up together, and add thereto half
a scruple of sincerity, sweetening it often
with the words—angel! goddess! charm-
er! and the like.—When it is sweetened
to your taste, take as much at a time as
you think proper, fold it up in gilt paper,
seal it with the impression of a flaming
heart covered with wounds, let it be care-
fully delivered,—and it is irresistible.

ANECDOTES.

DOMINICO, the harlequin, going to see
Louis XIV. at supper, fixed his eye on a
dish of partridges. The King who was
fond of his acting, said, "Give that dish
to Dominico."—"And the partridges too,
Sire?" Louis penetrating his art, replied,
"And the partridges too." The dish was
gold.

A number of Gentlemen, dining one day
upon Salmon, some of them preferred Pick-
erel, others Mackarel. An Irishman stand-
ing up, says, "By Shaint Patrick, of all
the fish in the sea, I prefer Pork and Pease."

An impertinent poet, having begun to
read to a certain person, a poem of his own
making, asked him which of the verses
were the best? "Those," answered he,
"thou hast not yet read, for they have not
made my head ach."

An Indian chief, being asked his opinion
of a cask of Madeira wine, presented him
by an officer, said, he thought it a juice ex-
tracted from women's tongues and lion's
hearts; for after he had drank a bottle of
it, he could talk for ever, and fight the
devil.

ORIGINAL.

A young man in Yorkshire, England,
having occasion lately to write to his father
in America, informs him, amongst other in-
teresting news, "that almost all the Nor-
thern Powers, excepting AMERICA, are
involved in war with Britain."

There is now at the hospital of the aged
in Paris, a negro woman of 124 years old,
who last summer, walked several times the
road to Memil Mortant.

PHILADELPHIA,

JUNE 13, 1801.

MARRIED.....In this city.....On the
10th inst. John R. Coates, esq. attorney at
law, to Miss Sarah Morton, daughter of
John Morton, esq.

.....On the 11th, by the Rev. Mr.
Helfenstein, Eli Toby, esq. to Mrs. Mary
Samper, all of the Northern Liberties—

Now hymen's silken cord is tied,
Twixt her and Eli Toby;
May each fond hour so glad some glide,
As hearts can wish—and so may
each declining year.

AMEN.

.....At Trenton, on the 11th, by the
Rev. Mr. Armstrong, Dr. William Geary,
of Amwell, to Miss Jane Frazer, of that city.

DIED....In this city....On the 9th inst.
Mr. Robert Rainey, late a partner of the
house of Holmes and Rainey.

.....At Detroit, William Winston, esq.
late major in the cavalry of the U. S.

.....On the 18th ult. on Patterson's
Creek, Hampshire County, (Vir.) Matthias
A. Hersmon, a native of Germany; aged
by the most accurate accounts 125 years.
He lived upon low diet, and drank but lit-
tle ardent spirits, had three wives in Ger-
many, and one in this country.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"H. S. R. I." is anticipated in the chief
of his remarks by "O." in the present
number.

"A Brother Maniac," "Detector," "No
Poet," and "Semicolon & Period," are
inadmissible.

"A Free Thinker," is received, and will be
published as soon as possible.

The author of the "Caterer, No. 1." hav-
ing intimated the probability of his re-
suming his pen at some future period,
the writer of the second number, must
of course acquiesce in his prior claim.

"A Friend to the Fair Sex," will appear next
week.

The editor must decline publishing "X." in
reply to "J. C." The matters in dispute
are not of much importance—a few mo-
ments of conciliatory explanation would
probably convince them, that they are
both right; at any rate the subject has
already occupied too much room.

The Subscribers to the Philadelphia Repo-
sitory are respectfully informed that their
8th payment will be collected on Saturday
next, by the Carriers.

TEMPLE OF THE MUSES

The following ODE on the ABBEY OF CARENAC and its Environs, from the masterly pen of FENELON, Archbishop of Cambray, is published by particular desire. Cerenac is situated in the province of Quercy and diocese of Cahors, in France. Cahors is the place where FENELON received the principal part of his education; and from this circumstance it is conjectured to be a juvenile production. But be this as it may, as coming from the author of TELAMACHUS, it cannot fail to interest the reader.

Y^e mountains, whose aspiring brow
Sustains the heav'n's stupendous weight,
Whose front of ever-during snow,
Swells an unmeasurable height:
Far, far above your arduous pride,
Higher than clouds and tempests ride,
The fairest flow'rs of spring I meet:
Below I hear, but far below,
A thousand echoing torrents flow,
And thunders growl beneath my feet.

Even as the lofty hills of Thrace,
Which earth's bold son's essay'd to rise,
With Ossa rear'd on Pelion's base,
Assailing Jove's imperial skies:
So your strong sides and lofty top,
Another range of mountains prop;
Hills pil'd on hills the stars they gain:
Tempests in close battalion led,
In vain assault their lofty head,
The roaring winds conspire in vain.

Soon as the morning's orient ray,
Sprinkl'd with rosy clouds expands,
Clothing the hills with golden day
Along the fields and meadow lands,
The little bleating lambkin's rove:
While sloping mount, and darkling grove,
That nods beside the silver streams,
And whisp'ring zephyrs, as they blow
From tree to tree, from bough to bough,
Inspire soft sleep, and pleasing dreams.

But while I wond'ring gaze around,
O'er all this vast romantic scene,
With savage beauty gaily crown'd;
Each object paints before mine eyes,
The smooth Dordogne's enchanting vale:
Delightful stream! no ruder gale
Can once disturb thy polish'd face!
Here temp'rate skies for ever bring
To autumn's fruits succeeding spring,
Nor leave the shiv'ring winter place.

Dear Solitude! my fav'rite theme!
Where nothing else is heard around
But the soft breeze—the dashing stream,
Which falls, and runs with echoing sound;
And there—two islands of the blest
Appear, with vivid branches drest,
To charm the eyes; the heart to cheer:
Dear Solitude! of thee I'll sing,
To thee I'll touch the trembling string,
In strains that gods might joy to hear.

Soft zephyr breathing o'er the plain,
Visits the earth—no longer old,

Bids the dead plants revive again,
And turns our harvests into gold;
Hence bounteous Ceres fills our stores:
Meanwhile, the jolly Bacchus pours
Into the grape the juice divine;
Then from the slow descending hills,
Or neighb'ring vale, or vats he fills
With copious rivers—running wine.

Far o'er the distant plains—I view—
(Those plains where gilded ridges rise)
The lessen'd hills of dusky blue
Mix with the horizontal skies:
Romantic prospects—fancy's play—
Present the face of nature gay:
Where yon canal soft winding lies—
Reflected from the wat'ry waste,
With many a pendant meteor grac'd,
The azure sheen delights our eyes.

Not fruitful autumn comes alone,
With him the sweets of April join;
And while a thousand clusters crown
With luscious pride the curling vine,
This stream, that loves the meadow ground,
And many a flow'ry isle surrounds,
Meand'ring still with mystic ring—
Here, gently leaves the smiling shore;
There, thund'ring down with hollow roar,
Thro' all the valley pours the spring.

Dancing along the grass-plot fair,
To mellow flute, and hautboy's sound,
The shepherd hums—the rural air,
And treads the hornpipe's mazy round:
And you, meanwhile, on ev'ry spray,
Sweet warblers, thrill the live-long day,
Nor feel the smarting sting of care;
There the poor turtle sits alone—
With tender, plaintive, faithful tone,
Love's mournful strains are echo'd there.

While in a reverie of bliss,
Mine eyes, my captive soul is led;
While a fair spot—so green as this
Affords a fragrant, flow'ry bed:
I freely quaff the mental wine,
And to these charms my heart resign;
For heav'nly pow'rs a pleasure meet!
Why should I leave gay fancy's sports,
For flattering dreams of gaudy courts,
As vain as they but not so sweet?

Here—shelter'd from those tempests dire,
That pour their vengeance on the great,
I to the peaceful shade retire,
And ever find a safe retreat:
In the cool grove, or silent bow'r,
Life's principles—I now explore—
Musing in thoughtful mood alone,
Anon, old reverend volumes bring
A deeper draught from wisdom's spring—
Sound truths by ancient sages known.

The pride of all the Grecian bands,
(Too long ungrateful fortune's sport!)
Calm in the wreck—Ulysses stands;
Cautious he rides—tho' safe in port:
For his poor native rock—he braves
The scowling winds and whelming waves,
And stems the ocean day and night:
How well may, then, this lovely shade,
This cool retreat, this fertile glade,
Inspire my bosom with delight!

Not raging battles' hoarse alarms,
Can once untune my rural strain,
I never hear the din of arms,
Nor dread the thunders of the plain:

My wishes bounded to my lyre,
No greater honour I desire,
Than warbling sweet the moral song:
Avaunt! deceitful fortune's wiles,
The treach'rous friend, the courtier's smiles,
I never lov'd the venal throng.

Where'er my devious feet may rove,
In life's short maze—thro' land or sea,
This charming spot I'll ever love:
Dear Solitude! I think of thee:
To make my days supremely blest,
May heav'n still grant me here to rest,
And leave my humble ashes here:
And when I'm number'd with the dead,
May gentle Tircis o'er my head
To friendship pay the tender tear.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

ADDRESS TO HAPPINESS.

OH! heav'n-born maiden, Happiness;
Say, where can'st thou be found?
When wilt thou wretched mortals bless?
And smile on all around.

For thee we seek in ev'ry scene
Revolving years display;
And nought but sorrow, care, and pain,
Our fruitless toils repay.

Still hope leads on—we thee pursue,
Throughout life's changing round;
With anxious toil the chase renew;
Yet still thou art not found.

Say, dost thou dwell among the great?
Where grandeur tow'rs on high;
Where titles, honours, wealth, and state,
Proclaim thy dwelling nigh.

Or dost thou seek the humble shed?
Where calm contentment dwells:
Where temp'rance, health, and blessings
spreads;
And peace—discord repels.

Here reason lends her friendly aid,
To guide us on our way;
In truth and majesty array'd—
And thus she seems to say:

“Seek not pure happiness on earth,
“For ah! the search is vain;
“For disappointment from thy birth,
“Intrudes in ev'ry scene.

“Tho' oft the cup of bliss you hold,
“Exulting at command;
“As oft dull care, his hand upholds,
“And strikes it from thy hand.

“But in contentment's humble cell,
“There seek pure perfect bliss;
“There in harmonious concord dwell,
“Content and happiness.

ABEL RILAHMAM.

* * Subscriptions for this Paper received at the office, No. 51, South Third street, price 6½ cents each number, payable every four weeks; or three dollars a year to those who pay in advance—Subscribers at a distance either to pay in advance, or procure some responsible person in the city to become answerable for the money, as it becomes due.